

BUNNY RABBIT'S DIARY

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL



Diet. #42

no. 2





BUNNY RABBIT'S DIARY

BOOKS BY

E. A. and M. J. Blaisdell

BOY BLUE AND HIS FRIENDS

POLLY AND DOLLY

TOMMY TINKER'S BOOK

CHERRY TREE CHILDREN

TWILIGHT TOWN

PRETTY POLLY FLINDERS

BUNNY RABBIT'S DIARY

THE KELPIES

TOY TOWN

MOTHER GOOSE CHILDREN

RHYMES AND TALES FOR

CHILDREN





Sometimes Bunny talked to Mrs. Duck.
FRONTISPIECE. See page 2.

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BY

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL

AUTHOR OF "BOY BLUE AND HIS FRIENDS," "POLLY AND DOLLY"

"CHERRY TREE CHILDREN," "TOMMY TINKER'S BOOK"

"TWILIGHT TOWN," "PRETTY POLLY FLINDERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE F. KERR

School Edition



BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1927

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

BUNNY RABBIT had a book for Christmas. Mother Rabbit made it for him out of maple leaves, pinned together with thorns from the rose-bush on the stone wall. Bunny clapped his hands when he saw the book, and sat down at once on the old stump to read the stories. But there was not a story in the whole book — no, not one! There wasn't even a picture.

“You must write the book yourself,” Mother Rabbit told him. “Then you will be sure to like it.”

So Bunny Rabbit wrote the book about the good times he had with Bobtail and Billy, and all his other playmates. He wrote about the slide they made on the long hill beside the pond; about Mrs. Duck's swimming lesson, and the kite Bobtail made out of a leaf from the big oak tree; about Sammy Red Squirrel's flying machine, and Bobby Gray Squirrel's peanut party.

He hid the book in the hollow tree where no one would find it. But some one did find it,—some one who knew how to read the funny little tracks of rabbit writing,—and here are the stories in Bunny Rabbit's Diary.

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BUNNY RABBIT'S DIARY

Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and the three little rabbits lived in the woods.

Each little rabbit had a name.

There was Bunny Rabbit, Bobtail Rabbit, and Billy Rabbit.

Bunny was full of fun, and liked to play tricks on his brothers.

Bobtail liked to play with Bunny. He was always ready to join in all the fun.

But Billy was lazy. He did not like to work, and he did not like to play.

He liked to curl up in the tall grass and sleep.

The rabbits had many playmates in the woods and fields.

They played with the gray squirrels that lived in the big oak tree.

They played with the red squirrels that lived in the old stone wall.

Sometimes Bunny ran down to the brook to visit old Mr. Green Frog.

Sometimes he talked to Mrs. Duck, when she came to the brook to teach her little ones to swim.

There was always something to do; and Bunny, and Bobtail, and Billy were always doing something.



One Christmas Mrs. Rabbit gave Bunny a book.

She made it herself out of maple leaves.

She pinned the leaves together with thorns from the rose-bush that grew on the wall.

When Bunny saw the book he jumped up and down and clapped his hands.

“Oh, goody, goody!” he said.
“What a pretty book this is.

“I will sit down on the old stump
and read the stories this very minute.”

So Bunny sat down on the stump
and opened his book.

He opened the book and looked at
the first leaf.

There was no story to read.

He looked at the next leaf.

There was no story to read.

He turned one leaf and then another.

They were all alike.

There was not a story in the book,
and Bunny could not find one picture.

“This is a funny book,” he said to

himself. "I will run and ask Mother Rabbit what kind of a book this is."

So Bunny jumped off the stump and ran to find Mother Rabbit.

"Mother Rabbit," he said, "what kind of a book is this?"

"There are no pictures, and I can not find one story to read."

"That is a diary," said Mother Rabbit. "You must write the stories in the book yourself."

"What stories shall I write?" asked Bunny

"You can write about the good times you and Bobtail and Billy have, playing in the woods," said Mother Rabbit.

“What fun!” said Bunny. “I am going to write a story in my book this very morning.”

So Bunny Rabbit ran back to the big stump.

But he did not know just how to write a story.

He had never written one before.

He thought, and thought, and thought.

Bobtail and Billy hopped up to see what their brother was doing.

“Come down and play with us,” said Bobtail.

But Bunny shook his head, and shook his long ears.

“Run away now,” he said; “I am going to write a story.”

“What story are you going to write?” asked Billy.

But Bunny did not answer. He had just thought of something funny.

It was about the slide on the long hill beside the pond.

And about the way Billy slid down,—right into the cold water.

Bobtail and Billy ran away and left Bunny alone on the stump.

He was very busy writing in his maple-leaf book.

When he finished the story, he hid his book in the hollow tree.

“No one will find it there,” he said to himself, as he hopped off toward home.

“I’ll write a story every day until the book is full.”

But one day I went walking in the woods.

I found the hollow tree, and I found the little maple-leaf book.

“Bunny Rabbit’s Diary” was the name of the book.

It was all full of stories about the three little rabbits that lived in the woods.

BILLY'S SLIDE

I

One morning in winter Bunny opened his eyes, just as the big round sun peeped up from behind the hills.

He jumped up and shook himself.

Then he pulled Bobtail's long ears to wake him up.

Bobtail rolled out of bed, and that waked Billy.

"Oh, I am so sleepy!" said Billy.

"I don't want to get up now."

"Let's run out and find something

for breakfast," said Bunny. "I am as hungry as a bear."

"Yes, let's run out and find some breakfast," said Bobtail.

"I don't want to go far," said Billy. "It is too cold."

The three little rabbits hopped off through the woods, hunting for something good to eat.

The ground was covered with snow and they could not find very much.

As they hopped along they were talking about what they could do to have some fun.

"Let's make a long slide to-day," said Bunny.

“Oh, let's make a big pile of snowballs,” said Bobtail.

“Let's make a snow rabbit,” said Billy. “We can make it in front of our house.”

Bunny jumped up and down in the snow. He made a snowball and threw it at Billy.

“Oh! I like to play in the snow,” he said. “I like to play in the snow.”

Plump! Something hit Bunny on the head.

“I like to play, too,” some one called to the rabbits.

Bunny looked up to see who was talking.

Plump! Something hit him right on the end of his nose.

“Hello, Bunny!” called Bobby Gray Squirrel. “I hit you that time.”

“Come down here and I will catch you,” said Bunny, as he rubbed his little pink nose.

But Bobby only laughed and ran higher up among the branches of the oak tree.

“I will catch you some day,” said Bunny as he hopped away.

“Oh, no!” answered Bobby. “You can never catch me. You cannot climb a tree.”

The three rabbits soon found some

tender little roots hidden under the blanket of snow.

"This is a good breakfast," said Bunny.

"Yes, it is a very good breakfast," said Billy, as he nibbled on the root he had found.

At last Bunny jumped up and shook his long ears.

"I have finished my breakfast," he said.

"So have I," said Billy.

"So have I," said Bobtail.

"Now we can make a long slide over in the meadow," said Bunny.

"I know where we can make the best slide," said Bobtail.

"Where, where?" asked Bunny.

"Over on the hill beside the pond," said Bobtail.

"That is too far away," said Billy.
"I think I will go home."

But Bunny and Bobtail would not let him. They took hold of his hand, and made him hop along with them through the snow.

"Where are you going?" called Bobby Gray Squirrel.

"Follow us and you will see," answered Bunny.

"Oh, no," said Bobby. "I like best to run about in this big tree.

"After I have found something to

eat I shall curl up in my warm nest and go to sleep.

“Summer is the time to play, but winter is the time to sleep.”

III

The little rabbits hopped off through the woods.

Soon they came to the long hill.

They stood at the top of the hill and looked down at the pond.

“Is the ice thick on the pond?” asked Bunny.

“Oh, yes,” said Bobtail. “Jack Frost covered the pond with ice last night.”

“But Mr. Sun is shining to-day,” said Billy.

“Sometimes he turns the ice back to water again.”

“I know that ice is very thick,” said Bobtail.

“All right,” said Bunny; “now let’s make the slide.”

Bunny hopped down the hill and made a little path in the snow.

Bobtail hopped down the path after him. Then Billy hopped down the path.

The three rabbits hopped up and down the path until the slide was smooth and hard.

At last Billy said, “Now let’s try

the slide. Here is a sled that belongs to one of the boys."

Billy sat down on the sled and tucked his feet under him.

Bobtail sat down behind Billy.

And last of all came Bunny.

"Hold on tight," called Bunny. "I will give you a good start."

Bunny pushed hard and the sled began to slide.

He pushed harder and the sled began to slide faster.

"Now I am going to jump on," cried Bunny.

He ran as fast as he could and gave a good big jump.

Down he came, but not on the sled.

Oh, no! He came down hard on the slide.

He bumped his nose and that made two little tears roll down his cheeks.

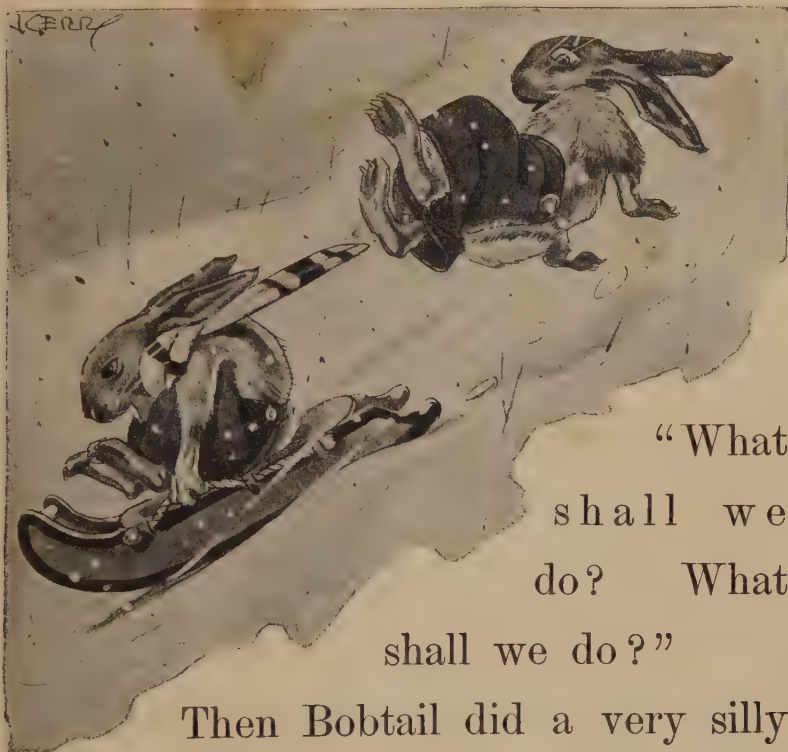
When he brushed the tears away he looked to see where the sled was.

It was half way down the hill and going faster every minute.

"Wait for me," shouted Bunny, and he started to run after the sled.

Bobtail heard Bunny call, and turned around to see what had happened.

"Look, look!" he said to Billy.
"Bunny has fallen off the sled and hurt himself."



“What
shall we
do? What
shall we do?”

Then Bobtail did a very silly
thing.

He jumped up on the sled to call
to Bunny.

He jumped up, and the sled went
on down the hill.

It left Bobtail rolling over and over in the snow.

And he rolled, head first, right into a snow-bank.

Bobtail didn't like that very well. He kicked and kicked to get out of the snow.

He shook his fur coat and he shook his long ears.

Then he looked down the hill to see what had become of Billy.

Billy was on the sled. And the sled was sliding down the hill.

It came to the pond.

Crack, crack! Splash, splash! it went.

Crack, crack! Splash, splash! and Billy slid right into the water.

It was not very deep, but it was very wet.

When Billy climbed out on the bank he was very wet, too.

"Oh, dear me!" he said, "the water is cold."

"Oh, dear me!" said Bobtail, "the snow is cold."

"Oh, dear me!" said Bunny, "I hurt my nose."

"Let's run home to Mother Rabbit," said Billy.

"Yes, let's run home!"

So the three little rabbits hopped

along the path through the woods as fast as they could go.

Bobby Gray Squirrel was running up and down in the big oak tree.

“Come and play with me,” he said.

But the little rabbits did not stop to answer.

They hopped along the path as fast as they could go.

And they didn't stop once until they were safe in their own cosy home.

A CHRISTMAS TREE

I

The little pine tree stood near the path that led through the woods.

In summer the rabbits often sat under this tree to rest.

The tree listened to the stories they told of the good times they had together.

The birds flew to its branches and talked to each other about the things they had seen in the woods.

Bobby Gray Squirrel and his brothers often ran up into the pine tree to play tag.

But Sammy Red Squirrel knew something about this tree that no one else knew.

He knew where there was a small hole in one of the branches.

He found it one day when he ran up into the tree to eat a nut.

And when he saw the hole he said to himself, "That is a good place to hide some nuts for the winter."

The hole was not very large, but Sammy hid ten acorns in it. He packed them in one by one.

Last of all he put a piece of bark in the hole.

"This is a good door for my store-

house," he said, "I am sure no one will find these acorns."

And no one did find them.

Sammy ran to the hole very often and lifted the door just a crack.

The ten little acorns were just where he had put them.

"I will eat these nuts last of all," he said to himself.

All through the fall the little red squirrel hunted for nuts under the trees.

Sometimes he could not find any on the ground.

Then he would run round and round hunting for holes where he had hidden acorns away.

If the holes were empty Sammy knew some other little squirrel had been there before him.

And sometimes Sammy found nuts that other squirrels had stored away.

The hunting was always good, and no squirrel ever went to bed hungry.

But at last Jack Frost came and covered everything with snow.

All the nuts and acorns were frozen into the ground so the squirrels could not dig them out.

Then Sammy went to his store-house in the stone wall or in some old stump.

At last it became very cold.

North Wind blew through the woods.



The water
in the little
brook was covered with
ice.

The birds tried to keep warm among
the branches of the evergreen trees.

The rabbits slept in their warm
home and did not come out very
often.

The squirrels slept in their nests, and did not come out for days and days.

Blacky Crow stayed in the deep woods where the largest trees helped to keep him warm.

The ground had been covered with snow for two or three weeks.

And the squirrels and rabbits had taken long, long naps.

II

A few days before Christmas, Mr. Sun came up from behind the hills and shone brightly all day long.

He melted the snow in the warm

hollows, and softened the ice on the brooks.

Bunny Rabbit and his brothers came out and hopped around to find roots to eat.

The squirrels ran up and down the trees, and all around everywhere to find hidden nuts.

All at once Bunny Rabbit heard a noise.

He sat up on his hind legs and held up his long ears.

The other rabbits listened, too.

Sammy and Bobby heard the noise and scampered up into the little pine tree.

“Bow-wow-wow!” barked Jip, as he ran through the woods.

“It’s the dog!” cried Bunny. “Let’s run and hide.”

The little rabbits whirled around and hopped back to their house.

Sammy and Bobby were safe in the tree, so they did not try to run away.

They heard some one talking and they looked to see who it was.

They saw two children and a man.

The man had an axe in his hand.

The two children ran along the path, talking and laughing.

They were looking at all the ever-green trees.

"This is a good one," said the little boy.

"This is a better one," said the girl, and she pointed right at the little pine tree where Sammy and Bobby were hiding.

"They are going to cut down this tree," whispered Sammy. "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

But the man did not cut down the tree.

He looked at it and said, "That is too large for our Christmas tree.

"We must find one that is much smaller."

So the man and the two children went along the path into the woods.

And before long the sound of the axe rang out through the stillness.

"I never was so frightened in my life," said Sammy. "I thought they were going to cut down this tree."

"I thought so, too," said Bobby. "But I was not frightened. I could jump to that next tree. It is not very far."

"I know that," said Sammy. "But I have a store-house in this tree."

"Where is it?" asked Bobby. "I wish you would show it to me. I am as hungry as a bear."

"So am I," said Sammy. "Let's have dinner now."

“We will call it a Christmas dinner. The children said this would make a good Christmas tree,” said Bobby.

“I wonder what a Christmas tree is like,” said Sammy, as he ran along the branch to find the store-house.

Bobby followed Sammy and peeped into the hole where the ten acorns were hidden.

Sammy took out a nut, and Bobby took out a nut.

They sat up on their hind legs and nibbled away happily.

And as they nibbled, the man and the two children and the dog came back through the woods.

They were dragging a little fir tree over the snow.

The dog ran along beside them, barking loudly.

"That must be a Christmas tree," said Bobby. "I wonder what they are going to do with it."

"Tweet, tweet!" sang a little sparrow. "I can tell you. I saw one last year.

"I peeped in at the window after the tree had been set up in the warm room.

"I saw many pretty things hanging on the branches.

"I saw the candles lighted, and



Santa Claus
came in to give
away the toys to
the happy children.

“Oh, it was pretty! But I like to
see the tree in the woods better.”

Then the little sparrow flew away,
and the two squirrels ate another
nut.

"I think this is a good Christmas tree," said Bobby.

"Yes," said Sammy. "A tree with a hole full of nuts is better than one covered with candles and toys."

"It is better for squirrels," said Bobby. And then he took another nut.

BOBTAIL'S KITE

I

North Wind was playing a game.

He was blowing the dry leaves over the ground.

He piled them up under the oak tree at the edge of the woods.

“Bend your head and bow to me, big oak tree,” said North Wind.

The oak tree bowed and bowed its head.

North Wind blew on and on.

As he blew through the woods, every tree bowed, and bowed its head.

Bobtail and Billy and Bunny heard North Wind as he blew past their house.

"Oh, how the wind blows!" said Bunny.

"I shall stay in the house to-day," said Billy. "I do not like the wind."

But Bobtail did not like to stay in the house all day and sleep.

"Let's go out and have a game of tag," he said to his two brothers.

"I will reach the big oak tree first."

Now Bunny and Billy always liked to have a game of tag with Bobtail.

So they both hopped out of their warm house.

“Look out for me!” called North Wind. “I can catch you all.”

Hippity-hop went Bobtail down the path that led to the big oak tree.

And hippity-hop went Billy and Bunny after him.

Just as they came to the oak tree Bobtail saw the pile of leaves.

“Who put all those leaves under this tree?” he said.

“I did, I did,” called North Wind. “And here are some more to make the pile larger.”

Then North Wind puffed out his cheeks and blew more leaves under the oak tree.

"Oh, what fun!" said Bunny. "I should like to do that."

Bunny puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew, as hard as he could blow.

But the leaves did not move, until North Wind came to help him.

"This is just the day to fly a kite," said Bobtail.

"Yes," said Billy. "The children always fly kites when the wind blows."

"I wish we had a kite," said Bunny. "I should like to see it sail up in the air and over the trees."

"I can make a kite," said Bobtail.

“How, how?” asked both the other little rabbits together.

“See this big oak leaf,” said Bobtail. “This would make a good kite, if we had a long string.”

“I know where there is a string,” said Bunny. “One of the boys dropped it out of his pocket the other day.

“It is on the ground under the pine tree. I will get it for you.”

So Bunny hopped off, and in a minute he was back with the long string.

Bobtail tied the string to the short stem of the oak leaf.

“Let me fly the kite,” begged Bunny.

"No, let me," said Billy.

"We will take turns," said Bobtail.

"Bunny may have his turn first."

So Bunny took hold of the string.

He picked the kite up and tossed it into the air just as he had seen the boys do.

The kite fluttered and fell to the ground at Bunny's feet.

"This is not a good kite," he said.
"It will not fly up into the air."

III

"Let me try now," said Billy. "I know how to make a kite fly."

So Billy took hold of the string.

Then he climbed up on the old stump and tossed the kite into the air.

“Look, look!” he cried. “See the kite fly this time.”

But the oak leaf just fluttered and fluttered, and fell to the ground at Billy's feet.

“Something is the matter with this kite,” said Billy. “You did not make it the right way.”

“Oh, yes, I did,” said Bobtail. “I will show you how to make it fly.”

All this time North Wind had been very still.

He was watching the three little rabbits trying to fly their kite.

He laughed softly to himself when the leaf fluttered and fell to the ground.

But North Wind could not keep still very long.

He saw Bobtail take hold of the string of the kite.

“Watch me, watch me!” said Bobtail.

“Watch me, watch me!” sang North Wind.

Then he puffed out his cheeks and blew on the oak leaf as Bobtail gave it a toss.

Up, up in the air flew the kite, and Bobtail hopped faster and faster over the ground.

"Look, look!" he cried, "now my kite is going over the tall trees."

Bunny and Billy were sitting on the ground looking up in the air.

They watched the kite fly higher and higher.

"There it goes," called Bobtail.

And just then something else went, too.

Of course Bobtail could not see where he was hopping.

It took both his eyes to watch his kite fly higher and higher.

So he did not see the big stone in the path.

Over the stone he fell,—right into

the big pile of leaves under the oak tree.

Head first he went, and in a second he was all covered up with leaves.

He lost hold of the string, and the kite flew away up in the air.

One of the branches of the oak tree caught the string and held the kite fast.

“Oh, oh!” whistled North Wind.
“Now it is my turn to fly the kite.”

Bobtail did not say a word.

He picked himself out of the big pile of leaves, and shook his long ears back and forth.

“I don’t like to fly kites,” he said.
“Let’s go home and take a nap.”

So the three little rabbits hopped back along the path through the woods.

North Wind puffed out his cheeks.

"See me fly the kite," he called to the rabbits.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew.

But the leaf only fluttered and fluttered because the branch held the string fast.

North Wind blew and blew, but he could not make the kite fly away.

"I don't like to fly kites this morning," he said. "I am going to pile some more leaves under the oak tree."

So he danced over the ground, and

through the woods, singing a gay
little song:

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind
one day.

“Come o’er the meadow with me and
play.

“Put on your dresses of red and gold,
“For summer has gone and the days
grow cold.”

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

I

“Wake up, Billy!” called Bunny.
“Wake up and see how hard it is snowing.”

Billy opened his sleepy eyes and rolled out of bed.

Then he went to the door and peeped out.

“April fool, April fool!” shouted Bunny.

Billy laughed. Then he hopped out of doors.

It was a warm sunny day,—just

the day to run around and play jokes.

But first the little rabbits had to find their breakfast.

Now that the warm days were coming they could find plenty to eat.

And Bunny and Billy and Bobtail were growing very fat.

Bobby Gray Squirrel and Sammy Red Squirrel could find plenty to eat, too.

In the fall they had stored away nuts and acorns in little holes in the ground.

When Jack Frost covered the ground with snow the squirrels could not dig up these nuts.

But now the ground was soft again, and Bobby and Sammy had plenty to eat.

Bunny and Billy and Bobtail saw the squirrels hide the nuts.

They did not like acorns so they never opened the store-house doors.

They just hopped around under the trees looking for green leaves and tender roots.

But on this first day of April Bunny found the biggest acorn he had ever seen.

It was hidden in a little hole, and he saw it when he sat down to eat his breakfast.

"Oh, oh!" he said to himself. "Now I can play a joke on Bobby Gray Squirrel.

"I am going to tie a string to this acorn, and when Bobby tries to pick it up I shall pull it away from him."

He told Bobtail and Billy about the joke he was going to play on the gray squirrel.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Billy.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bobtail.

"We must hurry and finish our breakfast," said Bunny.

"Bobby will be out hunting for nuts very soon."

In a few minutes the three rabbits had finished their breakfast.

Then Bunny hopped away to find a string he had seen under the oak tree.

It was the same string they had used to fly their kite.

The string had held the kite to the branch for a long time.

Then one day North Wind came again and tried to carry it away.

He puffed and puffed, and at last the branch let go of the string.

The kite flew up in the air and far away, but the string dropped to the ground under the oak tree.

There Bunny found it, and he tied the string around the acorn.

Then he scampered back to his brothers.

They were waiting for him near the old stone wall.

"Let's fool Sammy Red Squirrel first," said Billy.

"I saw him run out of his hole just a minute ago."

Bunny put the acorn in front of Sammy's door.

Then he held on to the other end of the string and hid behind a big rock.

Bobtail and Billy hid behind the pine tree.



Bunny put the acorn in front of Sammy's door.
Page 54.

They all kept as still as mice. They did not even shake one of their long ears.

"There is Sammy now," whispered Billy. "I can see him running along the path."

"Don't make a noise," said Bobtail. Bunny saw the little red squirrel coming down the path.

He kept very still and held on to the string.

III

Sammy came skipping down the path. He was singing a gay little tune:

"One, two, three, four, five, six,

"I'll watch out for April tricks."

Just then he saw the acorn lying on the ground near his door.

“Look at that!” he said. “Bobby Gray Squirrel must have been here.

“Something frightened him, and made him drop that nut near my door.”

Now Sammy was very fond of big acorns and he had not had one for a long time.

So he pounced on the acorn.

But it was not there! Bunny had given the string a quick pull.

Sammy put his hand down on a rock. There was no acorn to be seen.

“April fool!” shouted Bunny.

"April fool!" shouted Billy and Bobtail.

The three rabbits hopped out from their hiding places.

They laughed and laughed, and Sammy laughed, too.

"That was a good trick," he said.

"We are going to play it on Bobby Gray Squirrel, now," said Bunny.

"May I go with you?" asked Sammy.

"Oh, yes!" said the three rabbits.

So off through the woods they all went.

"Bobby often comes to the big oak tree," said Billy. "I think that will be a good place to play the trick."

Bunny put the acorn on the ground, and then they all hid behind the tree.

They did not wait very long before they saw Bobby coming.

And in another minute Bobby saw the acorn.

“Ho, ho!” he said. “Sammy Red Squirrel must have dropped that big acorn. I will pick it up.”

He ran along the ground toward the oak tree.

Bunny held on to the string.

He was going to wait until Bobby took hold of the acorn and then pull it away.

It was so still that the rabbits could

hear Bobby's feet as they pattered on the ground.

Then all at once it was not still in the woods.

Jip, the dog, came bounding along the little path.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" he barked.
"Look out for me. I am coming."

What a scampering there was!

Bobby forgot all about the acorn and skipped up the oak tree.

Sammy skipped up the tree after him.

The three little rabbits put their ears down on their heads, and hopped away out of sight.

“Bow-wow, bow-wow!” said Jip.
“Where has every one gone?”

“I thought I saw some one under this tree as I came along the path.”

The acorn lay on the ground where Bunny had left it.

Four little bright eyes watched Jip from the oak tree.

Sammy wished he could call out “April fool,” to Jip.

But he was afraid of dogs, so he kept very still.

Bobby kept still, too, and the three little rabbits hopped along towards home.

After a while Jip went home.

Then there was a quick scampering down the tree.

One of the squirrels had that big acorn for his dinner.

Was it Sammy or Bobby?

MRS. DUCK'S SECRET

I

Mrs. Duck had a secret.

Bunny knew she had a secret, but she would not tell him what it was.

Bobtail knew she had a secret, and so did Billy.

Bunny saw Bobby Gray Squirrel and asked him if he knew Mrs. Duck's secret.

But Bobby did not know it, and Sammy Red Squirrel did not know it.

Every day Bunny saw Mrs. Duck



walking along the little path that led through the field.

Sometimes she was going to the barn.

Sometimes she was coming from the barn.

She was always alone. And she was always in a hurry.

She did not stop to talk to Bunny.

She did not stop to catch any of the little bugs that she saw in the path.

"I wonder what is the matter with Mrs. Duck," Bunny said to himself.

"I wonder why she walks along this little path every day."

Bunny thought and thought about the secret.

"I will ask Mrs. Duck to tell me her secret," he said.

So Bunny sat down under the maple tree to wait for Mrs. Duck.

He waited and waited.

It was very warm in the field.

After a while Bunny shut his eyes and he fell fast asleep.

He slept such a long time that when he opened his eyes the sun was just going to bed.

“Well, well!” he said. “Mrs. Duck must have gone long ago.”

Just then he saw Sammy Red Squirrel.

“Have you seen Mrs. Duck to-day?” he asked.

“Oh, yes!” answered Sammy. “She walked along the path early this afternoon.”

The next day Bunny sat down under the maple tree to watch again.

But this time he was not alone.

He had asked Billy to come with him.

"If you are with me, I shall not go to sleep," he said.

So the two little rabbits sat down to wait for Mrs. Duck.

They waited and waited.

It was very warm in the field. After a while Bunny shut his eyes. Then Billy shut his eyes, and they both fell fast asleep.

They slept such a long time that when they opened their eyes the sun was just going to bed.

Bobby Squirrel was sitting in the maple tree over their heads.

“Have you seen Mrs. Duck?” asked Bunny.

“Oh, yes!” answered Bobby. “She walked along the path early this afternoon.”

“Well, well!” said Bunny. “I will try again to-morrow. I will ask Bob-tail to come with me. Perhaps he can keep awake.”

II

The next day the three little rabbits sat under the maple tree to watch for Mrs. Duck.

They waited and waited.

It was very warm in the field.

After a while the three little rabbits became sleepy.

Then Bobtail jumped up on his feet and began to hop around.

"Let's play tag," he said. "If we sit here in the sun we shall go to sleep.

"Then we shall not see Mrs. Duck when she walks along the path."

So the three rabbits played tag.

They ran round and round the maple tree. They ran back and forth along the little path.

All at once Bunny heard Mrs. Duck coming across the field.

She was going to the barn.

“Good-morning, Mrs. Duck,” said Bunny.

“Where are you going this fine morning?”

“Quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck, “I am going to the barn.”

“Where have you been?” asked Billy.

“Quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck. “That is a secret. I can not tell you.”

Then Mrs. Duck walked quickly along the little path and across the road.

She went into the barn-yard and hunted around for something to eat.

She talked to the other ducks and

hens. But she did not tell them her secret.

When she had eaten all she wanted she went out of the yard and across the road.

Then she walked back again along the path across the field.

When she came to the maple tree she saw Bunny and Bobtail and Billy.

And Bunny and Bobtail and Billy saw Mrs. Duck.

“Where are you going, now?” asked Bunny.

“I am going down to the brook,” she said. “That is where my secret is.”

"May we go with you?" asked Billy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Duck. "I will show you my secret if you will all promise not to tell."

So the three little rabbits hopped along behind Mrs. Duck until they came to the brook.

The water in the brook was running over the stones and singing a sweet little song.

Mr. Green Frog was sitting on a stone taking a nap in the warm sun.

"Now, follow me," said Mrs. Duck. "I will show you my secret."

She led the three rabbits to some

bushes that grew close beside the water.

“Quack, quack!” she said. “Look in here. What can you see?”

Bunny peeped in under the bushes.

“Oh, oh!” he said, “how pretty they are.”

Billy peeped in under the bushes.

“Oh, oh!” he said, “how many there are.”

Bobtail peeped in under the bushes.

“Oh, oh!” he said. “That is a very good secret.”

Now what do you think the three rabbits saw hidden away under the bushes?

Perhaps you have guessed Mrs. Duck's secret by this time.

Yes! there was a nest full of eggs, —just the prettiest eggs you ever saw.

Mrs. Duck was very proud of them. She let the rabbits look at the eggs for a few minutes.

“Now I must cover my eggs up,” she said. “I must keep them warm.”

So Mrs. Duck sat down on the nest and cuddled the eggs under her soft warm wings.

Not one egg could be seen. And Mrs. Duck sat so still that Bunny thought she had gone to sleep.

III

Every day after that the rabbits went to visit Mrs. Duck.

But they did not tell the secret to any of their friends.

Then, one day, when the rabbits went to visit Mrs. Duck, she would not get off the nest.

“Quack, quack!” she said. “I can not let you see the eggs to-day. If you will come to-morrow I will show you what I have in my nest.”

So the rabbits hopped away, leaving Mrs. Duck alone on her nest under the bushes.

The next morning, bright and early, the rabbits hopped along the little path.

They found Mrs. Duck still sitting on the nest.

They saw some little yellow heads peeping out from under her wings.

“Quack, quack!” she said. “See my ducks. They are the prettiest ducks you ever saw.

“And they have the brightest eyes in the world.”

One little duck wriggled out from under her mother's wing and tried to stand on her little yellow feet.

But they were not strong yet.

“Come back, come back!” said

Mrs. Duck. "You must stay in the nest until you are strong."

And the little duck wriggled back again under her mother's wing.

"We will come again to see your ducks," said Bunny.

After two or three days the three rabbits went back to see the little ducks.

There was nothing in the nest under the bushes but a few broken shells.

"Where can the ducks be?" said Bunny.

"Tweet, tweet!" sang the sparrow.
"I saw Mrs. Duck and all the little ducks going to the barn."

“There they are now,” sang another sparrow.

Bunny and Bobtail and Billy looked across the field.

They saw Mrs. Duck leading her family to the barnyard.

Mr. Rooster saw them coming.

He flapped his big wings and flew up on the fence.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” he said. “See Mrs. Duck and all the little ducks.”

The three rabbits watched the ducks until they were in the barnyard.

Then they hopped off to the woods to tell Mrs. Duck's secret to all their friends.

THE SWIMMING LESSON

I

“Quack, quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck, as she walked along the little path through the meadow.

“Quack, quack, quack! Follow me, little ducks.”

One, two, three, four, five, six little yellow ducks waddled after their mother along the little path through the meadow.

Bunny Rabbit was sitting under a tree, fast asleep, and he did not hear them coming.

He was dreaming of flying away with the little birds.

He could fly high up over the trees and over the houses.

Oh, it was great fun! All the other rabbits were sitting on the ground watching him.

“Good-by,” he called to Billy.

Then he waked up, and he was not flying at all.

He was just sitting on the ground under the oak tree.

“Quack, quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck. “What are you talking about, Bunny? I cannot see Billy anywhere.”

“I was dreaming of flying,” said

Bunny. "I said good-by to Billy because I was going far away."

"Quack, quack!" said Mrs. Duck. "I should like to see you fly. You can't even swim."

"Perhaps I could," said Bunny, "if you would teach me."

"Come with me," said Mrs. Duck. "I am going to teach my little ones to swim, and I will teach you, too."

"Quack, quack!" said all the little ducks, as they waddled after their mother.

"Come and see how soon we will learn to swim."

Bunny did not like to think that

these little ducks could do something that he could not do.

“I have four feet,” he said to himself, “and they have only two. I am sure I can do what they can do.”

So Bunny jumped up and followed the ducks along the path through the meadow.

In a few minutes they came to the brook.

The water looked cool to the little ducks.

But the water looked very wet to Bunny.

Mrs. Duck stood on the bank for one minute to talk to her ducklings.

“Follow me,” she said, “and do what I do. Swimming is the easiest thing in the world.

“When I count three we will all go into the water together.”

“I think I will wait and see how you do it,” said Bunny. “That will be the best way for me to learn.”

So Bunny sat down on the bank, and the little ducks stood in a row behind their mother.

“Now,” said Mrs. Duck, “one, two, three,—go!”

At the word “go” they all waddled into the water.

· Paddle, paddle, paddle! Mrs. Duck



made her feet go so fast that she was soon in the middle of the brook.

Paddle, paddle, paddle, went all the little ducks, and they were swimming after their mother.

“Oh, what fun this is!” said the littlest duck.

"How cool the water is," said the biggest duck.

"Come in, Bunny," called all the ducks. "Swimming is the easiest thing in the world."

"Why don't you try it, Bunny?" asked Mr. Green Frog, who was sitting on a rock close by.

"The water is cool, and swimming is the easiest thing in the world."

II

Bunny sat still on the bank, but he did not say a word.

He watched the ducks swimming round and round in the water.

“All they have to do is to paddle their feet,” he said to himself.

“I am sure I can do that. But I do wish the water was not so wet.”

“Are you afraid to come in?” asked Mrs. Duck.

“Are you afraid to come in?” asked Mr. Green Frog.

Of course Bunny was afraid, but he did not like to say so.

At last he stood up and went down to the edge of the brook.

He put one foot in the water, but he pulled it out again very quickly.

“Oh, dear!” he said, “the water is so wet.”

“You can’t swim on dry land,” said Mrs. Duck. “Jump in, and you will like it, I know.”

“Jump in!” said Mr. Green Frog.

Bunny went a step nearer and put two feet in the water.

“Oh, dear!” he thought to himself. “I never can learn to swim. I wish I were back under the tree, fast asleep.”

Splash, splash! Mr. Green Frog jumped into the water close to Bunny’s feet.

It frightened the poor little rabbit and he slipped into the water, too.

“Paddle your feet, paddle your feet!” Mrs. Duck called to him.

But, of course, Bunny did not know how to paddle his feet.

He kicked and kicked and scrambled and splashed around in the brook.

The water ran into his eyes and he could not see.

The water ran into his ears and he could not hear.

The water ran into his mouth and he could not speak.

He kicked and splashed and scrambled until at last he felt his feet touch the ground.

Then he scrambled up on the bank and threw himself on the soft grass.

“You did not paddle your feet,” said Mrs. Duck.

“Watch us,” said all the little ducks.
“Do it the way we do.”

“Oh, oh!” laughed Mr. Green Frog.
“Do try it again. It was the funniest sight I ever saw.”

“It may have been funny for you,” said Bunny. “But it was not funny for me.

“I am so wet that I shall never be dry again. And I am afraid I have spoiled my fur coat.”

But Mr. Sun shone down brightly and Bunny was soon dry and warm.

Then he hopped along home by the little path through the woods.

“Swimming may be easy for ducks,”
he said to himself.

“And flying may be easy for birds.

“Rabbits and squirrels can run and
hop and jump. And that is easy for
them.”

THE CLOVER PATCH

I

It was a lovely day in June.

Bunny had been playing all the morning with Billy and Bobtail.

They had played tag, and hide-and-seek, and ever so many other games.

At last they were all tired and hungry.

"I know where there is a great big patch of clover," said Bunny.

"Oh, Bunny!" begged Bobtail, "show us where it is. I have not had a taste of clover for ever so long."

“I like clover, too,” said Billy. “Is it very far from here?”

“Oh, no,” said Bunny. “It is down beside the brook.”

The three little rabbits hopped off to find the big patch of clover.

They hopped down to the brook, but they could not see any clover there.

“Perhaps it was in the meadow,” said Billy.

“The brook runs through the meadow.”

“Yes,” said Bobtail, “and then it runs through the woods.”

“Clover would not grow under the trees,” said Bunny. “It grows in the fields where the sun shines.”

"The sun shines in the meadow," said Billy. "Let's go down there and look for the clover patch."

So the three little rabbits hopped off through the field.

They hopped along beside the brook all the way.

"Oh, look!" said Bunny. "See the fishes swimming in the water."

Billy hopped very close to the brook.

Splash, splash! went something right under his feet.

Billy hopped back and looked all around to see what had happened.

"What was that?" he asked.

“That was old Mr. Green Frog,” said Bunny. “There he is now, sitting on a rock laughing at you.”

“Ho, ho !” laughed Mr. Green Frog. “I frightened you that time.”

“I frightened you, too,” said Billy. “That was why you jumped into the water.”

“Well,” said Mr. Green Frog, “you almost hopped on my back.

“Of course I was frightened. I jumped into the water without looking to see what was the matter.”

“Come, come,” said Bunny. “We must find that clover patch. I am as hungry as a bear.”

So the three little rabbits hopped off across the meadow.

They could not hop so near the brook now because the ground was soft and wet.

And the rabbits did not like to wet their feet.

They hopped along, and at last Bunny called out, "Here it is. Here it is."

Billy and Bobtail hopped up close to Bunny.

Sure enough, there was the biggest patch of clover they had ever seen.

And how green every leaf was!

The clover was all in blossom, too.

The white blossoms held their heads up to the sun.

The sun smiled to see the pretty white flowers among the green leaves.

Many bees were flying over the clover patch.

They were asking the blossoms for nectar to make sweet honey.

“ Buzz, buzz ! ” sang the bees, as they flew from flower to flower.

II

Bunny and Billy and Bobtail began to nibble the greenest leaves.

They nibbled and nibbled and nibbled.

The bees buzzed and buzzed and buzzed.

“What good honey we can make,” said the bees. “Clover honey is best of all.”

“Oh, how good this clover is,” said Billy. “I am glad I came so far.”

“Yes,” said Bunny. “It is the sweetest clover I ever tasted.”

“Yes, it is,” said Billy. “I —

“Oh, oh, oh!” he cried. “Oh, my nose!”

Billy jumped up and hopped round and round. He rubbed his nose and wiped the tears out of his eyes.

Bunny and Bobtail stopped eating,

and went to see what had happened to Billy.

“What is the matter?” asked Bunny.

“Oh, my nose!” said Billy. “I took a bite of clover and something stung me on the nose.”

A bee flew up from the clover and sailed round and round in the air.

“Buzz, buzz, buzz!” said the bee. “I stung your nose, Billy. I thought you were going to eat me.”

Bunny saw the bee flying round and round over their heads.

“It must have been a bee that stung you,” said Bunny.

Billy looked at the bee.

“I am going home,” he said. “I did not want to come so far anyway. There are plenty of good things to eat in our own field.”

So Billy hopped along home very slowly.

He stopped every few steps to rub his poor little nose.

Mother Rabbit saw him coming and went to the door to meet him.

“What is the matter?” she asked.

“I went to the meadow to eat clover,” said Billy. “The bees were there and one stung me on the nose.”

“Rub your nose in the dirt and

that will make it feel well again," said Mother Rabbit.

Billy put some dirt on his nose, and the pain soon went away.

Then Mother Rabbit took him to a place where the grass was tender.

He ate all the dinner he wanted and then went home to take a nap.

Bunny and Bobtail ate their dinner in the meadow.

The clover was so sweet and tender that they wanted to eat it all.

They nibbled and nibbled and nibbled.

But they were both very careful not to nibble any of the blossoms where the bees were gathering honey.

MOVING DAY

I

It was warm and sunny in the meadows.

It was warm and sunny in the fields.

But in the woods it was cool and shady under the pine trees.

The red squirrels had been playing all the morning.

They had chased each other up and down the trees and along the little path.

Now Sammy was sitting on the branch of a pine tree resting.

All at once he heard a noise over in the field.

It was a very loud noise and he wondered what it could be.

He could not see the field from the tree where he was sitting.

So he ran down to the ground and skipped along to the old stone wall.

“Whirr, whirr, whirr!” the noise came nearer and nearer.

“Oh, dear me!” said Sammy. “I know what that is. Mr. Man is cutting the grass in the field.

“Now all the families that live there will have to move out.”

Sammy sat still and watched to see who would be the first to move.

He had not been sitting on the wall very long when he saw the whole rabbit family coming out of the field, one behind the other.

Mrs. Rabbit had on her bonnet and shawl. She was carrying Baby Rabbit in her arms.

Father Rabbit had a big basket.

Bunny and Bobtail and Billy were hopping along behind, laughing and talking.

“What fun it is to move,” said Bunny.

“I hope we shall find a good home somewhere,” said Mother Rabbit.

Bunny and Bobtail and Billy hopped and skipped along.

They hopped ahead of Father Rabbit along the little path that led through the woods.

When they came to the stone wall they saw Sammy Red Squirrel.

“Good-morning,” they called. “We are moving to-day. We are looking for a new home.

“Do you know where we can find one large enough for all of us?”

“No,” answered Sammy. “I know where the house is that Mrs. Robin left, but that is too small for you.”

“Come, come,” called Mother Rab-

bit, "we cannot stop to talk. We must find a new home soon. It is dinner time this very minute."

So the family of rabbits hopped off along the path.

Then Sammy heard a little squeaking noise and he looked to see where it came from.

"Squeak, squeak!" said Mrs. Field Mouse. "I was not ready to move.

"I did not want to leave my home in the field this week."

"We can soon find another home," said Mr. Field Mouse.

"Here is one right here. This is the very place we are looking for."

Mr. Mouse set his bag down beside a hole that he had found near the stone wall.

Mrs. Mouse looked at the hole and so did all the little mice.

“Perhaps that will do until we can go back to our home in the sunny field,” said Mrs. Mouse.

Then she shook her head and wiped a tear from her eye.

“Oh, dear!” she said. “I know I shall be very lonely here.”

“But we could not stay in the field,” said Mr. Mouse. “A man was cutting the grass, and I am afraid of that big cutter.”

“That is so,” said Mrs. Mouse, as she wiped another tear out of her eye. “But I shall be glad when we can move back.”

“I think this hole will do,” said Mr. Mouse. “I will go in and see.”

II

Sammy sat on the wall and watched the mice.

He saw them stop in front of the hole and peep into it.

Then he saw Mr. Mouse go in,—head, tail and all.

“That house belongs to some one else,” said Sammy.

But Mr. Mouse was in the hole and did not hear what he said.

Mrs. Mouse and the little mice were peeping into the hole and they did not hear what he said.

In a minute Sammy heard Mr. Mouse call to his family to follow him.

Mrs. Mouse picked up the bag and started into the hole.

All the little mice followed her.

Sammy sat on the wall watching them.

All at once he heard a noise.

Mrs. Mouse heard the noise and jumped back.

She dropped the bag, and it flew

open. Everything spilled out on the ground.

The next minute Mr. Mouse came scrambling out of the hole.

He had lost off his glasses, and his cap was gone.

"Oh, oh, oh! That is no home for us. Some one lives there, now," he said.

"Who, who, who?" asked all the little mice at once.

Mr. Toad came out to the edge of the hole, winking and blinking.

"I do," he said. "This is my home. Who came to visit me?"

"I told you that some one lived there," chattered Sammy Red Squirrel.

“I told you, but you would not listen to me.”

“Well, there is no harm done,” said Mr. Mouse. “I just paid Mr. Toad a visit.”

“We must find a home any way,” said Mrs. Mouse. “If we stay here the cat will catch us.”

“There comes the cat now,” said Sammy. “She heard Mr. Mouse squeal when he came out of the hole.”

When the mice heard that the cat was coming, what a scampering there was.

It did not take the whole family of

mice long to find a home under a big stone.

Sammy jumped off the wall and ran up into the pine tree.

The cat came along the path very slowly.

“Meow, meow!” she said to herself. “I must find something for breakfast.”

But she did not find the little mice. They were hiding away under the big stone.

And she did not find Sammy. He was safe in the pine tree.

Of course she knew where the mice were hiding.

She saw them when they ran into the hole.

But the stone was too heavy for her to move.

She sat down beside the hole and waited and waited, but not one little mouse put out his nose.

At last the cat grew tired of waiting, and walked back along the path to the house.

She found a saucer of milk on the kitchen floor.

And the best of it was that it could not run away and hide like the mice and squirrels.

A SUMMER SHOWER

I

“Rain, rain, rain!” called Robin Redbreast.

“Rain, rain, rain! I wish it would rain.”

The pretty flowers heard the robin calling for rain.

They lifted up their heads and listened.

They were wishing it would rain, too. The ground was so dry they could not find a drop of water to drink.

Mr. Green Frog wished it would rain.

The brook was almost dry, and he did not like that very well.

“Rain, rain, rain!” Robin Redbreast called again.

“Don’t call for rain,” said Bunny Rabbit. “I like to have the sun shine all the time.”

“So do I,” said Sammy Red Squirrel. “I do not like to have it rain on my fur coat.”

“See how the flowers hang down their heads,” said the robin.

“I am sure they would like to have a drink of fresh water.”

“The flowers are sleepy,” said Bunny. “That is why they hang their heads.”

“Quack, quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck. “Come, children, we will go down to the brook.”

The duck and all the little ducks waddled across the road and into the meadow.

Bunny saw them coming and hopped over to meet them.

“Good-morning, Mrs. Duck,” he said. “Where are you going?”

“We are going to the brook to have a swim,” said the duck. “Will you come with us?”

“No, no!” answered Bunny. “I can not swim. You did not teach me.”



“Perhaps
I could
teach you this morning,” said the
duck. “There is not much water in
the brook to-day.”

“I don’t want to learn to swim,”
answered Bunny, and he hopped off
to find Bobtail.

But he could not find Bobtail, and he could not find Billy.

So at last Bunny sat down under the oak tree to take a nap.

Mrs. Duck and all the little ducks waddled along the path until they came to the brook.

It was just a very tiny brook, now. It was really nothing but mud.

"Oh, dear me!" said Mrs. Duck. "I wish it would rain to-day."

"Rain, rain, rain!" called Robin Redbreast. "I wish it would rain."

"I think it will rain," said Mr. Green Frog. "And I think it will rain to-day."

Mrs. Duck let the little ducks play in the muddy brook.

They pushed their flat bills into the mud to find something to eat.

Their little yellow feet were black with mud, but they liked it.

Mr. Sun looked down and smiled at them. He smiled his brightest smile.

Then a cloud came and hid the sun.

A gentle wind began to blow over the tall grass in the field.

“Bow your heads!” the wind said to the flowers and grass.

Then the wind puffed out its cheeks and blew harder.

It rushed along to the woods.

“Bow your heads!” it said to the pine trees and the oak trees.

They bowed their heads and waved their branches to and fro.

The wind blew harder, and the clouds sailed faster and faster across the sky.

“It is going to rain,” said Mrs. Duck.

“Yes,” called Robin Redbreast. “It is going to rain. I know it is. I must fly to the woods until the shower is over.”

“Come, little ducks,” said their mother.

“We must go back to the barn

until the shower is over. I think the wind will blow very hard, and I do not like the wind."

So the robin flew to the woods, and the ducks went back to the barn.

Sammy Red Squirrel saw the shower coming, and he scampered home as fast as he could go.

Billy and Bobtail were playing in their yard, when the wind rushed by and called to them.

"Run in, little rabbits," said the wind. "I am bringing a shower. Run in or you will get your fur coats wet."

So Billy and Bobtail hopped into the house and curled up to take a nap until the shower was over.

II

The wind puffed out his cheeks and blew harder and harder.

The clouds sailed across the sky faster and faster.

It was almost as dark as night.

And Bunny slept on, under the big oak tree.

Patter, patter, patter! the rain drops fell on the oak leaves.

Faster and faster they fell. In a few minutes the leaves were wet.

Then the water began to fall down on the ground at the foot of the tree.

One great big drop fell on Bunny's nose. Then another fell on his ear.

He waked up with a start.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"What is the matter?"

He opened his eyes wide and then he knew what was the matter.

"Oh, dear me!" he said to himself.

"Robin Redbreast has her wish at last. It is raining hard."

Faster and faster the rain drops fell from the black clouds.

The ground was soon wet under the oak tree.

And Bunny was wet, too.

But he could not go home. He knew better than to leave the oak tree and skip out into the field.

So he curled himself up in a very tiny ball and waited for the shower to be over.

It grew lighter and lighter.

The wind stopped blowing, and at last Mr. Sun peeped out from behind the cloud.

He looked right down on Bunny, and laughed to see how he was rolled up in such a tiny ball.

“Cheer up, cheer up!” sang Robin Redbreast. “That was a fine rain. I



“Croak, croak!” said Mr. Green Frog. *Page 123.*

am going to take a bath in that puddle of water.”

Mr. Green Frog came out of his hole.

“Croak, croak!” he said. “That was a fine rain. I like to see the water running in the brook again.”

Bunny jumped up and shook himself.

He was just as wet as he could be.

His feet were wet. His back was wet. And his nice long ears were wet.

He jumped up and shook himself. Then he started off toward home.

On his way he met Mrs. Duck and all the little ducks.

They were going to the brook to have a swim.

"That was a fine rain," Mrs. Duck called to Bunny.

"Just see how the flowers hold up their heads."

But Bunny did not look at the flowers. He could not see why anything liked to be wet.

"That was a fine rain," said Mrs. Duck, again. "That was a fine rain."

"Perhaps it was," said Bunny. "But I like best to have the sun shine."

And then, without saying another word, Bunny hopped off home.

Mrs. Duck and the little ducks went to the brook to have a swim in the fresh water.

And Robin Redbreast took a bath in the puddle under the oak tree

SAMMY'S FLYING MACHINE

I

Sammy Red Squirrel was sitting on the stone wall eating a nut.

"Caw, caw!" called Blacky Crow, as he flew over the field.

"Caw, caw, caw!" he called. "What are you doing, Sammy?"

Sammy stopped eating the nut, and looked up to see who was talking to him.

He saw Blacky Crow sailing round and round over his head.

"I am eating my breakfast," he

answered. "Would you like to have a nut to eat, too?"

"Oh, no," answered Blacky Crow. "I can find something better than that.

"I am going to the pasture now to get my breakfast."

Then Blacky Crow flapped his big wings and flew far, far away.

Sammy watched the crow fly over the tallest tree and out of sight.

"I wish I could fly," he said to himself. "I know I could if I had some wings."

Just then a flock of sparrows flew over head.

"Twitter, twitter!" they said.

"Twitter, twitter, twitter!"

Sammy watched the sparrows flying until they were out of sight.

"I know I could fly," he said to himself again, "if I had some wings.

"Perhaps I could make some wings," he thought.

Just then something hit Sammy on the head.

He looked up to see what it was, and there at his feet lay an oak leaf.

He looked up in the top of the tree.

West Wind flew by and shook the branches of the tree very gently.

And another leaf floated softly down to the ground beside its brother.

Sammy sat there watching the leaves for a few minutes.

Then he jumped up and clapped his hands.

"I know what I can do," he said. "I can make some wings for myself out of those oak leaves.

"I will ask all the other squirrels to come and watch me fly."

Sammy hunted on the ground until he found two very large oak leaves.

"I can hold them out with my front paws," he said. "I think they will look just like wings."

Sammy put the two leaves on the ground and covered them with a stone.

He was not going to let West Wind carry them away.

Then he scampered off to tell all the other squirrels what he was going to do.

He told all the red squirrels first.

He told them he was going to fly from the big oak tree.

“If you wish to see me fly,” he said, “you must be at the tree in a few minutes.”

All the red squirrels scampered off to get the best seats among the branches of the oak tree.

Sammy saw Bobby Gray Squirrel and told him to ask all the gray squirrels to come and see him fly.

Then Sammy found Bunny Rabbit.

When Bunny heard what Sammy was going to do, he wanted to try to fly, too.

"You are much too large for my wings," said Sammy.

"You would have to go to Mr. Man's garden and ask him for some of the leaves from the rhubarb plants."

Blacky Crow was flying over the field. He heard Sammy tell Bunny that he was going to fly.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed, "I should like to see Sammy fly with those oak-leaf wings.

"I will fly to the oak tree this very minute."

As he flew over the meadow he saw the sparrows and told them where he was going.

They wanted to go, too.

Every one wanted to go and watch Sammy fly.

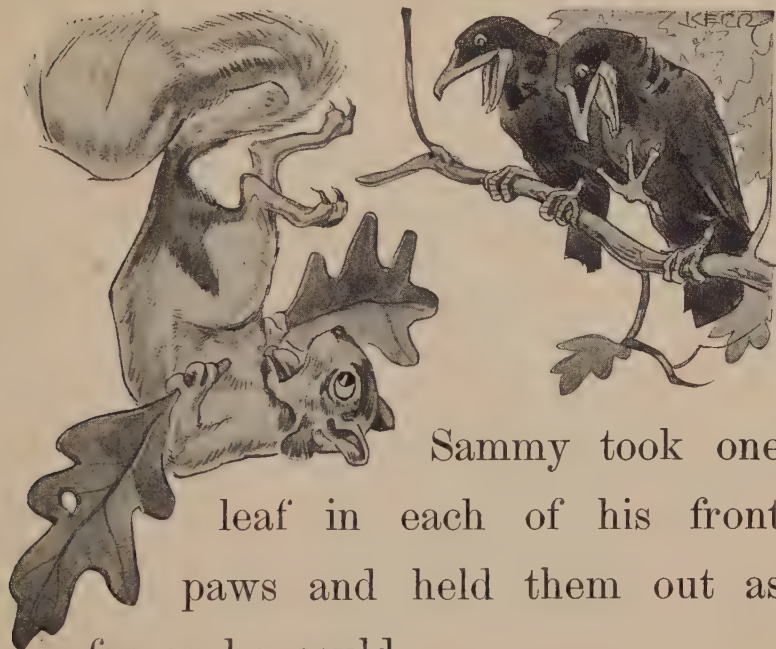
II

When they were all seated, Sammy picked up the two leaves he had found and skipped gaily up the tree.

He ran up the tree and out on one of the longest branches.

"Now, watch me!" he called to all his friends.

"See me fly just like a bird."



Sammy took one leaf in each of his front paws and held them out as far as he could.

He stood on the very end of the branch for just one minute.

He saw that every one was watching him.

“You must flap your wings,” called Blacky Crow.

“Hop off the branch,” called one of the sparrows.

So Sammy flapped his wings, and then he hopped off the branch.

But, oh, dear me! The wings would not hold Sammy up in the air.

Sammy forgot to hold his wings out straight and they hung down at his side without a flutter.

And down to the ground Sammy fell.

Bump! he came down at the foot of the oak tree.

He almost fell on top of Bunny Rabbit.

But Bunny saw him coming and jumped out of the way just in time.

Sammy lay very still where he had fallen.

All the squirrels ran down to see if he had hurt himself.

Bobby Gray Squirrel ran to pick the fallen bird up from the ground.

Sammy had given his nose such a bump that it was all black and blue.

He had hurt his paw. And his make-believe wings were all crushed and broken.

Sammy rubbed his nose and then he looked at his friends.

"I don't believe oak leaves make good wings," he said.

"No," said the tiniest sparrow, "the best wings are made of feathers."

"Caw, caw!" said Blacky Crow. "My wings are made of feathers. See how I can fly."

Then Blacky Crow flapped his big wings and flew away.

The sparrows flew away, too.

All the squirrels scampered off to hunt for nuts.

And the rabbits went back to their home to take a nap.

Sammy was left sitting alone on the old stone wall.

Every few minutes he rubbed his poor little nose.

And as he rubbed his nose he thought :

“Flying may be fun for birds, and swimming may be fun for ducks.

“But running and jumping among the branches of the big oak tree is more fun for squirrels.”

THE CABBAGE PATCH

I

“Oh, dear me!” said Billy. “I am so hungry. I wish I could find something good to eat.”

“I know where there is a big cabbage patch,” said Bunny.

“Where, where?” asked Billy.

“Where, where?” asked Bobtail.

“Follow me,” said Bunny, “and I will show you.”

“Is it far?” asked Billy.

“No,” said Bunny. “It is not very far, — just down in Mr. Man’s garden.”

"I think I will stay here," said Billy. "This clover is very good."

So Billy stayed and ate the clover, but Bobtail and Bunny hopped off down the road.

They hopped along the road until they came to Mr. Man's barn.

Then they stopped to listen.

Bunny sat up straight and held up his long ears.

Bobtail sat up straight and held up his long ears.

They listened and listened, but they did not hear a sound.

"I think Jip is asleep in the house," said Bunny.

"I think Mr. Man is eating his dinner," said Bobtail.

"Let's hurry," said Bunny. "We can reach the garden without any one seeing us, I am sure."

So the two little rabbits laid their ears down on their heads and hopped away.

They hopped behind the barn.

Mr. Rooster saw them coming.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he said. "Who are you? Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"We are going to the garden to get our dinner," said Bunny.

"Mr. Man never lets me go to the garden," said Mr. Rooster.

“Mr. Man never lets me go to the garden if he knows about it,” laughed Bunny.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” said the rooster, as he flapped his wings and flew up on the fence.

“Please do not make so much noise,” begged Bobtail. “Mr. Man will hear you and come out to see what is the matter.”

But the rooster just flapped his big wings and crowed again.

“Come,” said Bunny. “This is no place for us.

“Let’s hop into the garden and get some cabbage.”

II

The two rabbits hopped off across the yard and into the garden.

There they found the biggest cabbages they had ever seen.

There were rows and rows of them.

They were great big green cabbages. How good they did look to the hungry little rabbits!

"I am going to eat this one," said Bunny. And he stopped at a big, big cabbage at the end of one long row.

Bobtail picked out a big one for himself and began to nibble the sweet leaves.

Nibble, nibble, nibble! Not a word did the little rabbits speak.

They could not talk. They were so busy eating that they could not say a word.

Nibble, nibble, nibble! How still it was in the garden!

Bunny heard the bees humming as they flew among the flowers.

Once Blacky Crow flew over and called to the rabbits.

But he did not fly down to the garden. There was nothing there for him to eat, now.

He liked the corn when it had just peeped out of the ground.

Then it was tender and sweet, and he often pulled it up for his dinner.

Nibble, nibble, nibble! How still it was everywhere.

Then all at once there was a noise.

It was a noise the rabbits knew too well.

“Bow-wow-wow!” said Jip, as he bounded across the field.

“Bow-wow-wow! I think some one is in my master’s garden.”

Bunny and Bobtail knew who was coming. They did not have to wait and see.

Off through the garden they hopped.

They hopped so fast that they were soon out of sight.

But Jip knew where they had gone, and he ran after them, barking louder and louder at every step.

“Oh, dear me!” cried Bobtail. “What shall we do? Jip will catch us before we reach home.”

“Follow me,” said Bunny, “I know where there is a hole big enough for both of us to hide.”

So Bobtail followed Bunny.

They hopped across the field and into the woods.

“Bow-wow-wow!” said Jip. “I am going to catch you this time.”

And then, all at once, Jip could not see the rabbits anywhere.

They had hopped into a hole under the big rock at the foot of the oak tree.

They hopped into the hole and then they were safe.

Jip could not reach them.

He sat down beside the hole to wait until they came out, but they were too wise to come out.

III

Jip waited and waited, and the rabbits waited and waited, too.

At last Jip grew tired of watching the hole and ran off home.

Then the two rabbits knew it was safe for them to go home, too.

Bunny put his nose out and looked around.

There was no one in sight.

“I am going now,” he said to Bobtail. “Jip has gone away.”

And then Bunny started to get out of the hole.

He put out his head, but he could not get any farther.

“What is the matter? What are you waiting for? Is Jip coming back?” asked Bobtail.

But Bunny did not answer. He just kept on wiggling and twisting.

He twisted and wiggled, twisted and wiggled. But he could not get out of that hole.

At last he pulled his head back through the hole. Then he sat down and looked at Bobtail.

“What shall we do?” he said. “The hole has grown small since we came through it.”

“Perhaps I can get out,” said Bobtail. “Let me try.”

So Bobtail put his head out and then he hopped out the rest of the way.

“I’m out,” he called to Bunny. “You can get out, I am sure.”

Bobtail hopped off home leaving Bunny to get out the best way he could.

Of course Bunny got out, but he scratched his poor little nose and he scratched his back.

He hurt his long ears and he hurt his foot.

But he did get out at last.

And when he was safe on the outside of the hole he turned around and looked at it.

"I'll never go in there again," he said as he rubbed his nose.

"I thought it was a big hole, but I must be bigger than the hole."

Then Bunny hopped off home.

Mother Rabbit was standing at the door watching for him.

Bobtail and Billy were watching, too.

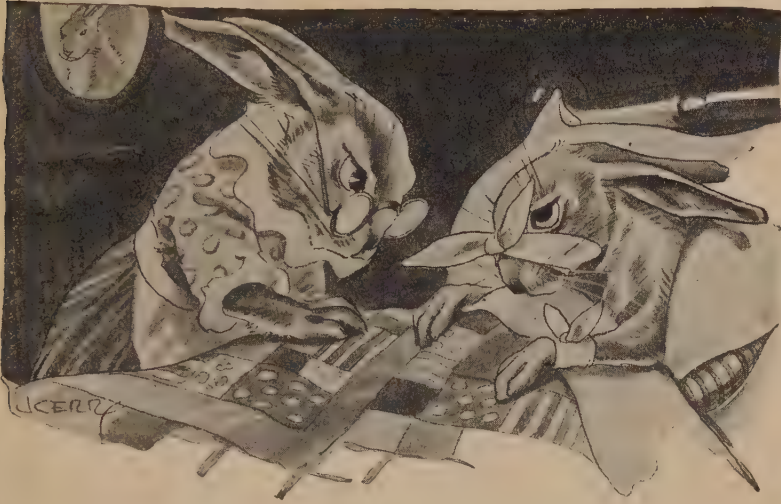
“How did you get out of the hole?” they asked.

“This is the way I got out,” said Bunny, and he pointed to his poor little scratched nose.

When Mother Rabbit saw that Bunny had hurt himself she took him into the house.

She gave him some hot cabbage soup.

Then she wrapped his nose up in



flannel and made him stay in bed a whole day until he was all well again.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I

It was a warm summer day.

Bunny and Billy were over in the meadow eating clover.

Mother Rabbit and Bobtail were in the garden eating cabbage.

Billy was fond of cabbage, too. But the garden was far away, across the field and over the other side of the road.

So Billy ate clover in the meadow.

Bunny had eaten cabbage the day before. So he ate clover in the meadow with Billy.

The two little rabbits nibbled at the tender leaves.

“I have had enough to last me all day,” said Bunny. “Now let’s go and play.”

“Oh, no!” said Billy. “I am going home and take a nap.”

“Oh, do come and play with me,” said Bunny.

But Billy only shook his head and hopped off toward home.

Bunny looked around to see if there was any one to play with.

He could not see any of his friends.

“I think I will go over to the garden

and find mother and Bobtail," he said to himself.

Now when Bunny thought of anything he always did it the very next minute.

So he hopped off as fast he could go.

He hopped across the field and across the road.

When he came to the barn he stopped to see if Mr. Man or Jip were anywhere in sight.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" called the rooster, who was sitting on the fence.

"Where are you going so fast this bright day?"



“I am going to the garden again,” said Bunny. “Mother and Bobtail are there eating cabbage.”

Bunny hopped along past the hen-yard fence, and into the orchard.

All at once he stopped. He saw something in the grass ahead of him.

It was white and round and furry.
And it had two long ears just like his
own.

Bunny stood very still and looked
and looked.

"That must be a snow rabbit," he
said to himself.

"But I never saw a snow rabbit in
the summer. I am sure this hot sun
would melt the snow."

Just then the white rabbit saw
Bunny.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I
never saw you before."

"I never saw you," said Bunny.
"Where did you come from?"

"I live in a little house near the barn," said the white rabbit.

"Jack left the gate open this morning when he fed me, and so I thought I would take a walk."

"Do you like to live in a little house?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, yes," answered the white rabbit. "I always have something to eat and I am never cold."

"And when Jack forgets to close the gate, I have a good play in the field."

"I live in the woods," said Bunny. "My door is never closed, and I can run out any time I wish."

“But sometimes I am hungry, and sometimes I am cold.”

“Come and live with me,” said the white rabbit. “There is room enough in my house for two.”

Now Bunny knew he would not like to live in a house all the time, but he thought he might go and visit the white rabbit.

So Bunny and Whitie, as Bunny called him, hopped off toward the barn.

“That is my home,” said the white rabbit, and he pointed to a little house under the apple tree.

There was a yard in front of the

house. And there was a fence around the yard,—a fence with a gate that could be shut and locked.

Bunny saw the house and he hopped along after Whitie.

But he was frightened. He had never been so near the barn before.

What if Mr. Man or Jip should see him.

II

At last they reached Whitie's house and the two little rabbits hopped through the gate.

“Oh, see these cabbage leaves,” said Whitie. “Jack left them here for my dinner.”

But Bunny did not look at the cabbage leaves, for just at that moment he heard Jip barking.

And then he heard Jack talking to the dog.

Poor Bunny's heart began to beat very fast.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he said.

"Jack and Jip will not hurt you," said Whitie. "I think Jack is coming to close the gate."

Bunny hid himself in one corner of the house and held his breath for fear Jack would see him.

"Why, Whitie!" Bunny heard Jack

say, "I left your gate open this morning. I must close it now or you will be taking a walk in the garden."

Jack closed the gate, and Bunny was caught.

When Jack had gone away, Whitie called to Bunny to come out in the yard.

"Come and eat some of these good cabbage leaves," he said.

But Bunny could not eat. He could only sit and look at the closed gate.

"I want to go home," he said to Whitie. "I don't like to stay in this yard all the time."

"But you will never be hungry

here," said Whitie. "Come and eat something now."

Bunny was not hungry. He could not eat.

All day long he sat in the house.

He wondered what Bobtail and Billy were doing.

He wondered if Mother Rabbit was hunting for him.

Just before dark he heard Jack coming to see Whitie again.

He did not hear Jip barking.

"Perhaps Jack is alone," thought Bunny. "If he is I think I can get away."

He sat very still and listened.

Then he peeped out and saw Jack coming across the grass.

He was all alone. The dog was not running along beside him.

Bunny turned around and looked at Whitie.

“Good-by,” he said. “I am going to hop out when Jack opens the gate.

“You have a very good home here. But I like my home in the woods much better.

“Sometime when you run away come and see me.”

Just then Jack opened the gate and out jumped Bunny! Jack was

so frightened that he dropped Whitie's supper on the ground.

He looked around to see what had flashed by him so quickly.

But Bunny was out of sight!

He did not stop or look around until he was safe in his own home.

"Where have you been?" asked Mother Rabbit. "I thought you were lost."

"I thought so, too," said Bunny.

"I went to visit the white rabbit who lives in a little house under the apple tree.

"And then Jack came and shut the gate and I could not get away."

“Oh, Bunny, Bunny!” said Mother Rabbit. “I thought you were too wise to get caught in a trap.”

“I am now,” Bunny answered, and he ran out to have a game of tag with Billy and Bobtail.

TEDDY BEAR

I

Teddy Bear lay on the grass in the meadow.

He lay there all day and he lay there all night.

Baby May had dropped him there and forgotten all about him.

So the little brown bear lay on the soft grass in the meadow.

Blacky Crow flew over the meadow and called to the bear.

“Caw, caw!” he said. “What are you doing here?”



“ Quack, quack! Where did *you* come from? ”
Page 167.

“I thought you liked to stay in the playroom with the rest of the toys.”

Of course Teddy did like to stay in the playroom.

But if May dropped him in the meadow how could he get back to the house?

Mrs. Duck and all the little ducks waddled along the path that led to the brook.

“Quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck. “Look here, look here! Where did you come from? What are you doing in this meadow?”

Teddy stared at the duck with his

little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

Perhaps he did not like to tell her that May had forgotten all about her little playmate.

“Quack, quack!” said Mrs. Duck. “I teach my children to speak when they are spoken to.”

Teddy just stared and stared, but he did not say a word.

“Very well,” said Mrs. Duck. “I will go to the pond and see Mr. Green Frog.

“I will ask him if he knows who you are.”

So off to the pond waddled Mrs.

Duck, and all her children waddled after her.

“Bow-wow!” barked Jip as he ran through the meadow.

“I am trying to find some one to play with me.

“I wish I could find Bunny Rabbit. I should like to have a game of chase with him.”

Just then Jip saw Teddy Bear.

“Bow-wow-wow!” he said. “What are you doing in this meadow?”

“I thought you lived in the playroom.”

Teddy Bear stared at Jip with his little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

I am sure he wished the dog would run away and not talk to him.

But Jip wanted to play. He thought it was fun to play with Teddy.

It was fun to pick him up and toss him into the air.

It was fun to hide him where May could not find him.

Jip picked Teddy up in his mouth and ran along through the meadow.

He ran through the meadow and into the woods.

“Bow-wow, bow-wow!” he said.

When Jip opened his mouth to bark, Teddy hopped out and fell to the ground.

Jip picked him up again. He tossed him up in the air and then caught him in his mouth.

He shook him and shook him, but Teddy did not say a word.

Then Jip started along the path in the woods.

“I am going to hide Teddy where May will never find him,” he said to himself.

“Then I can have him to play with every day.”

But the next minute Jip forgot all about Teddy Bear, because he saw Bobby Gray Squirrel.

Bobby Gray Squirrel was skipping over the ground hunting for nuts.

Jip liked to play tag with Bobby, so he dropped Teddy Bear and ran after the little gray squirrel.

But Bobby saw the dog coming and skipped up into the oak tree.

He sat down on the lowest branch and began to scold Jip.

“Chatter, chatter, chatter!” he said. “Why did you run after me? I had just found a nut for my breakfast.”

“Bow-wow!” said Jip. “Come down out of that tree and play chase with me.”

But Bobby would not come down and so at last Jip ran away home.

He forgot about Teddy and left him under the tree.

When Jip had run away, Bobby came down out of the tree.

He saw Teddy and ran over to speak to him.

“Good-morning,” Bobby said to the little brown bear. “What are you doing under this tree?”

Teddy stared at the squirrel with his little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

“My mother taught me to speak when I am spoken to,” said Bobby.

But Teddy did not speak, and so at last Bobby ran away and left him.

II

Oh, Teddy was so lonely !

He wished that he were back in the playroom with the other toys.

He thought of Jack-in-the-box, and the bright tin soldiers.

He thought of the new automobile and of all the pretty dolls.

Then at last he fell asleep and dreamed that he was back in the playroom.

All at once some one took him by the arm.

“Wake up and talk to me,” said Bunny Rabbit. “I want some one to play with me.”

Teddy stared at Bunny with his little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

Bunny shook him and shook him.

“Now will you speak to me?” he said.

But Teddy Bear would not open his mouth.

“Well, well,” said Bunny. “I don’t like to talk to you. I will find some other playmate.”

“Bow-wow, bow-wow!” said Jip. “I will play with you, Bunny.”

But when Bunny heard Jip coming along the path he forgot all about playing.

He hopped off down the path as fast as he could go.

He did not look around once to see where the dog had gone.

Jack came along the path with Jip. When he came to the tree he saw Teddy Bear lying on the ground.

“Why, Teddy,” he said, “how did you get away out here all alone?”

Teddy stared at Jack with his little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

“Bow-wow, bow-wow!” barked Jip. He was trying to tell Jack that he put Teddy under the tree.

But Jack did not listen.

He just picked Teddy up in his arms and carried him back to the house.

He took the little brown bear up to the playroom.

May was sitting on the floor playing with her dolls.

Teddy was so happy to get back home that he jumped out of Jack's arms.

"Oh, oh!" cried May. "You dropped poor Teddy Bear."

She picked Teddy up and gave him a great bear hug.

"Why did you run away from me?" she asked.

Teddy stared at May with his little black eyes, but he did not say a word.

He just stared at everything in the playroom, and thought of the story he would tell his friends about his day in the woods.

BOBBY'S PARTY

I

Bang, bang, bang!

Snap, snap, snap!

All day long Bobby Gray Squirrel hid in his nest because he did not like the noise.

He poked his nose out once or twice to see what was the matter.

But each time he heard a loud bang, snap!

Then he jumped back in his nest to hide.

All day long he lay there and lis-

tened. And all day long the children played with their fire-crackers.

Fourth of July is fun for boys and girls.

But it is not so much fun for rabbits and squirrels.

At last it was quiet.

Bobby had not heard a sound for a long time.

So he peeped out of his door once more.

The sun was not shining now. The big round moon was looking down to see if all the children were in bed.

He was looking to see if all the rabbits and squirrels were in bed, too.

Bobby saw the moon and then he skipped back into his house once more.

“Oh, dear me!” he said to himself. “I am hungry. But I must wait until the sun comes up again.

“I am afraid I could not find anything to eat by the light of the moon.”

Bobby went to sleep and the next time he opened his eyes it was morning.

He jumped up and ran out of doors.

He ran down the branch of the oak tree and off through the woods.

“Good-morning,” Bunny called to

him, as he ran past the three rabbits who were eating clover for breakfast.

“This is a good morning,” said Bobby.
“It is so still and quiet.”

Bobby ran on and on.

Every few minutes he stopped to hunt for some hidden nut.

But he could not find many.

At last he said to himself, “I am going to the orchard to get an apple.

“I like to eat the seeds. I might find an apple on one of the trees.”

Bobby skipped through the woods and across the field.

He came to the stone wall that ran along one side of the road.

Bobby jumped up on the highest stone to look around and see if any one were in sight.

He looked up the road, and he looked down the road. But no one was in sight.

He jumped down from the wall, and then he stood still.

Right at his feet was a paper bag.

And the bag smelled so good that the little squirrel stopped to take another sniff.

"That smells like peanuts," Bobby said to himself.

"I will make a hole in the bag and see what is inside."

Bobby took hold of the bag with his sharp little teeth and tore a big round hole.

He tore a hole big enough to put his paw through.

And then he was just like little Jack Horner.

He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big squirrel
am I."

He pulled out the kind of plum he liked best of all. It was a peanut.

He pulled out one peanut, and then he pulled out another.

"This bag is full of peanuts," he



said to himself. "There are so many here I can never eat them all.

"I know what I can do. I can have a party."

Now squirrels must like to have parties just as well as little boys and girls.

Because when Bobby thought of

the party he jumped up and down and clapped his hands.

Then he started off to invite all the other gray squirrels.

But he stopped when he reached the top of the wall.

He had just thought that some one might come while he was away and find the peanuts.

“I will hide them in the wall,” he said to himself. “Then they will be out of sight.”

So Bobby jumped down again and began to carry the nuts to a safe place.

It took so long, and Bobby worked

so hard that he had to go back home to take a nap when he had finished.

II

Bobby Gray Squirrel slept and slept.

But Sammy Red Squirrel was not asleep.

He had been wide awake all day.

He had seen Bobby hiding the peanuts in the old stone wall.

He was sitting up in the maple tree watching him all the time.

"I wonder what Bobby is hiding all those nuts for," he said to himself.

"I think I will wait here and see what he is going to do."

So for a long time Sammy sat still in the maple tree watching Bobby work.

When the last nut was hidden Bobby skipped off toward home.

“Now is my chance,” said Sammy. “I am going to play a trick on Bobby.”

Sammy skipped down the tree and ran along the wall to the place where the nuts were hidden.

He took the nuts out of their hiding place and carried them to a hole behind the big rock.

It took a long time to do it, but Sammy liked to play tricks.

Back and forth he ran until the very last nut was stored away in the new hiding place.

Then he skipped around to tell the red squirrels about the joke he had played on Bobby Gray Squirrel.

"Run to the maple tree near the stone wall," said Sammy. "You will see what Bobby does when he finds his nuts are gone."

So the red squirrels all ran to the maple tree to watch for the gray squirrels to come to the party.

At last Bobby waked up. And the minute he opened his ~~eyes~~ he thought of the peanuts.

He skipped down the tree and ran to tell his friends about the party.

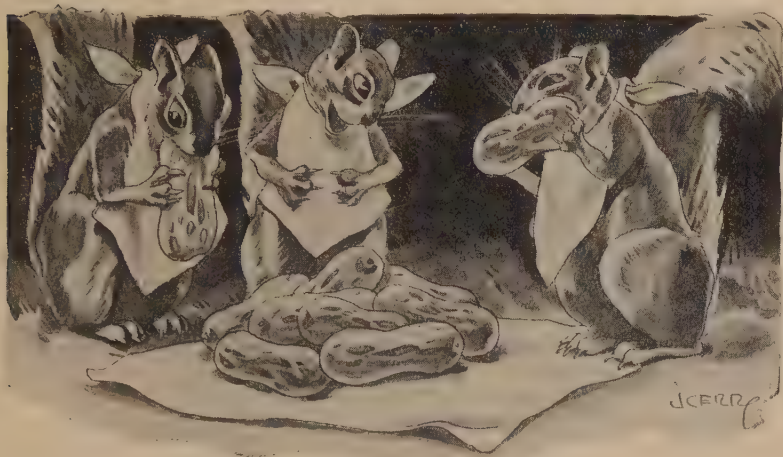
“Meet me at the old stone wall,” he said. “That is where I am going to have my party.”

So the gray squirrels all ran along to the stone wall.

The red squirrels were in the maple tree, but the gray squirrels did not see them.

As soon as Bobby came to the stone wall all his friends ran to meet him.

“Follow me,” said Bobby. “I will show you the biggest pile of peanuts you ever saw.”



So the gray squirrels skipped along after Bobby.

But when they came to the storehouse they all stopped and looked at the hole.

Not one peanut could they see.

"I wonder who found my nuts," said Bobby. "I thought I had put them where they could not be found."

The gray squirrels sat down in a row and looked very sad.

Just then they heard a sound up in the maple tree.

They looked up and saw all the red squirrels laughing.

“Ho, ho, ho!” Sammy was laughing. “That was a good joke. I took your nuts and hid them in another hole.”

“Ho, ho, ho!” all the red squirrels were laughing.

They all laughed again, and then Sammy said, “I will give a peanut party. Follow me.”

Sammy led the red squirrels and

the gray squirrels to the place where he had hidden the nuts.

And what a party they had!

They ate all the nuts they wanted, and then carried some home for dinner the next day.



